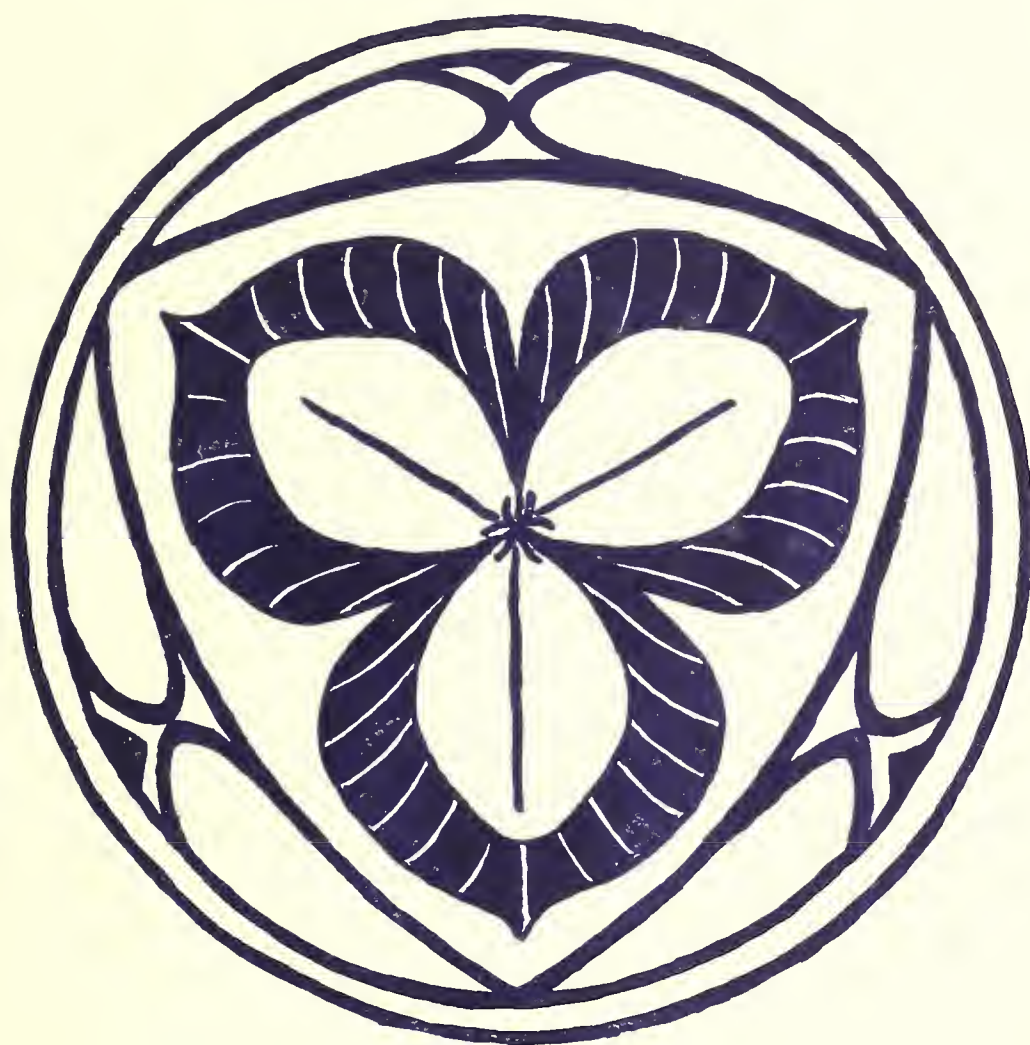


THE STUDY CHRONICLE.



MIDSUMMER 1961

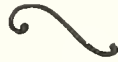


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The Study

The Study

3 2 3 3 THE BOULEVARD - WESTMOUNT

FOUNDED 1915. Incorporated by Act of the Quebec
Legislature for the Elementary and Higher Education
of Girls, under a Board of Governors.



Headmistress

MISS KATHARINE LAMONT, B.A., M.A.

Governors

P. M. McENTYRE, ESQ., *Chairman*

MISS E. D. BENSON

J. E. BIRKS, ESQ.

A. M. CAMPBELL, ESQ.

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R. D. P. GILDAY, ESQ.

MRS. C. H. GORDON

W. T. STEWART, ESQ.

MISS JANET INGHAM - - - - - *Secretary-Treasurer*

MIDSUMMER, NINETEEN SIXTY-ONE



MADAME GAUDION

AN INTERVIEW WITH MADAME GAUDION

When the Board of Governors entertained to honour Madame Gaudion on her retirement, the daily press asked her for an interview, with the intention of writing an article on her career. She refused it, but she could not refuse The Study Chronicle.

It is difficult to get Madame Gaudion to talk about her own career. If you ask her about it she will talk about The Study. If you ask about her classroom teaching she will talk about the children. If you ask for her philosophy of education she will talk about Miss Gascoigne — and her eyes light up as they must have done when young Mlle. Boucher, just arrived from France, took her first (and only) job.

“I got my training in The Study from Miss Gascoigne. She was a revelation to me. I had never known anyone like her, so intellectual but so simple, so full of the joy of living, so childlike in her enthusiasms. She was so close to the children and she could enjoy things just as they did — it was wonderful. There was just Miss Gascoigne and myself and her dog called Sweep. He was a mental dog. He was a long haired black mongrel and he was crazy. Maybe Miss Gascoigne could train children but she could not train a dog. He was spoiled and pampered, only not wicked because he was mental. He bit us all.

“I don’t know how I had the nerve to teach. I was not fit to teach. I was hardly older than my pupils. We used to go to the same parties. I never felt that they were pupils: they were just people who could not speak French. I never lorded it over them. No, I never had any trouble with discipline. I never thought about it. I remember once I locked Priscilla Penfield in the stationery cupboard as a punishment, but I forgot about her and went home to lunch. When her parents telephoned, Miss Gascoigne unlocked her.

“The school really began in Miss Gascoigne’s bedroom, but it had a day bed and looked like a study. It was a big room about twenty feet square. Then she rented a long, narrow room for a schoolroom and we had twelve children, six in each. The next year we moved to a little flat on Durocher Street and had two rooms besides the bedroom and a kitchen. After school was over I used to stay to get Miss Gascoigne’s lunch. (Madame is a marvellous cook). I shocked Violet, the maid, because I used wine in the cooking. Then we moved to Sherbrooke Street and had to borrow one hundred dollars for the first payment on the rent. Miss Gascoigne did not have one hundred dollars and neither did I. We did not have it between us. (An unusual approach to school finance). But we had about fifty little girls and boys, and it was wonderful. We never knew what would happen. There were always surprises and they were always nice. About once a month an outsider would come in for a lecture or a concert. We had plays, but without costume: the children acted in their ordinary clothes. There was no science and I can’t remember any mathematics. It did not feel like a school at all.

“I was away from 1919 to 1924, living in Paris. When I came back to Seaforth Avenue, I thought that everything was terrifically changed. There were over a hundred children: the bell rang almost on time: everybody always knew where to go. I found it very strict, though some teachers did not think so.

“We were very prosperous in the twenties and took pains to avoid being a snob school. Uniform was brought in and jewellery was forbidden to minimize the importance of money and everything was kept very simple. Miss Gascoigne always believed in simplicity. It would break my heart if the school ever became grand. We did not educate the girls to go to university but to go to Europe. It was a more

cultural education than the one they get to-day and some of them worked hard. There was never a dull moment in the school.

"For a while in the thirties everything went wrong. The Study owes its very existence to Miss Harvey: without her administration I do not think it would have survived. She also preserved the ideas of the school with great care. During the war we had the first bazaar and were very proud when we raised three hundred dollars for the merchant marine.

"Nowadays I think that it is hard for girls. They meet all the time the tragedy of the double values, the ones they find in the outside world and the ones they find in the school. They are more venturesome than their grandmothers and more responsible. They cope with life on a much more realistic basis, but they have less grace. There is far more pressure in the direction of social conformity and more danger that they will not form their own values. It is harder for them to keep from thinking that getting a job is all important and to realize that the value of an education is what it will enable them to give. I do not see how we have preserved our ideals as we have."

Generations of Study girls know the answer to that one. They know whose hawk-like eye watched for any sign of ostentation, any appearance of parade, any shallowness or insincerity of thought. They know who took the make-up from their faces and, where humanly possible, the triviality from the inside of their heads. They remember the precision of French grammar and the painful necessity of thinking about it — as for instance the Upper Fourth who translated "They put on their sweaters and skirts" and could not see why it was marked wrong because she used a masculine pronoun. They remember all the usual things in class room and form room, particularly Sixth Form Room, and so much besides. "I'll never forget the day when Madame asked us if we always believed what our mothers told us. Our mothers were very upset, but it started me on the road to independence of mind. Now I am trying to bring up my children to be independent." "She took us to see the poor families whom we were helping because she said we should know how they lived. Finally we had to stop because some people were afraid of bugs." "I went for French lessons and for sewing lessons — she is a beautiful seamstress — and we always made tea and it was such fun."

They all bear witness to her warmth and kindness. Whatever problems or difficulties they had, inside the School or out, they could count on a sympathetic ear. In times of slackness or discouragement she was a stimulus. (To that a very nervous new headmistress can bear witness — she was kindness itself and better than any tonic.) On ordinary days life was kept from being ordinary, for the element of the unexpected continued in her classroom. Whatever they thought at the time about doing returns on Friday (and doing returns with Madame was a feature of The Study) they agreed afterwards that it was an experience not to be missed. They trembled at her frown but they did like to make her smile. To-day the queue extends outside her coaching room and the present girls join with the past in thanking her, "for she has given a bit of herself to everyone she taught."

Yours affectionately,

Katharine Lamont.

TEACHING STAFF

Head Mistress

MISS KATHARINE LAMONT, B.A., M.A.
University of Toronto and Oxford University

| | |
|--|-----------------------------------|
| MISS R. B. BLANCHARD, L.R.S.M., A.T.C.M. Toronto Conservatory of Music | <i>Singing</i> |
| MISS CHARLOTTE FOSTER, B.A. McGill University | <i>History</i> |
| MISS ELEANOR M. HARBERT, B.A., M.A. University of Toronto and McGill University | <i>English</i> |
| MISS SHIRLEY F. HARBRON National Froebel Foundation Teaching Certificate | <i>Lower A</i> |
| MME. J. A. KEBEDGY Licence d'enseignement du Conservatoire de Lausanne | <i>French</i> |
| MRS. M. LENNARD National Froebel Foundation Teaching Certificate | <i>Upper A</i> |
| MRS. GEORGE LITTLE Licence d'Anglais complète de la Sorbonne | <i>French</i> |
| MRS. T. M. LUKE, B.A. Queens University | <i>Geography</i> |
| MISS M. S. MALACHOWSKI Diploma of the Teachers' Training College, Breslau, Germany | <i>German</i> |
| MISS M. B. MARSHALL, B.A., M.A. Dalhousie University | <i>Classics</i> |
| MISS D. E. MOORE McGill School of Physical Education | <i>Dancing, Drill & Games</i> |
| MISS JULIA NEWTON National Froebel Foundation Teaching Certificate | <i>Lower B</i> |
| MISS FRANCINE PANET-RAYMOND, B.A. University of Montreal | <i>French</i> |
| MISS HAZEL PERKIN Teaching Certificate of the Institute of Education, London University | <i>Upper B</i> |
| MRS. G. E. REIFFENSTEIN, B.A. Dalhousie University | <i>Mathematics</i> |
| MRS. H. R. SCOTT, B.A. Wooster College | <i>Science</i> |
| MISS ETHEL SEATH Member of the Canadian Group of Painters | <i>Art</i> |

School Officials

| | | |
|---------------|-----------|-----------------|
| Head Girl | — — — — — | JANET GARDINER |
| Sub-Head | — — — — — | HEATHER MACLEAN |
| Games Captain | — — — — — | BRENDA BRIDGMAN |

PREFECTS

| | |
|-----------------|-----------------|
| BRENDA BRIDGMAN | HEATHER MACLEAN |
| SHEILA BRUCE | MARCIA PATERSON |
| JANET GARDINER | |

Editorial Section

*"Alle is buxumnesse there, and books for to rede and to lerne,
And great love and lykinge for each of hem loveth other."*

Piers Plowman

EDITOR

ANNE THOM

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

| | |
|------------------|-----------------|
| SHEILA BRUCE | JANET GARDINER |
| JENNIFER CARROLL | HEATHER MACLEAN |
| SALLY FARRELL | MARCIA PATERSON |
| LINDA FROSST | LINDSAY SCOTT |

EDITORIAL

It is extremely difficult to analyse the characteristics and qualities of a school, especially if one has passed a number of years in the school and has taken its particular characteristics and qualities pretty much for granted. After eight weeks of analysing, I concluded that the qualities which best characterize The Study are uniqueness and versatility.

Our school could be described as being unique in its versatility. An odd mixture of contrasting ideas inhabit our peculiar atmosphere. There are staunch supporters of tradition and revolution — indeed, it often happens that both ideas are adopted by one mind, (each idea, carefully isolated, of course, for fear of contamination by the other). The locker rooms are shrieking for rebellion, but the word never invades the sedate and panelled front hall which is tradition personified. One may also wonder how the seat of such organized unity could be founded upon such diverse company. Five minutes of announcements are enough to enable the school to function as one body, and three seconds of bell ringing can transform order into babbling confusion.

The most important result of this unique combination of opposites is the preservation of the individual. It is interesting to note that in the midst of this development of the individual there flourish numbers of select cliques which are limiting to the individual. The evolutionary disappearance of these groups would be the epitome of uniqueness and versatility. What society could surpass this society based on individuals able to think for themselves, and yet broad-minded enough to conform and compromise for the good of all?



Prefects—Standing, left to right: Marcia Paterson, Brenda Bridgman, Sheila Bruce. Seated: Heather MacLean, Janet Gardiner.

JANET GARDINER

"A girl she seems of cheerful yesterdays and confident tomorrows."

Janet has risen to the responsibilities entailed in being Head Girl very competently this year, in spite of the inevitable inconveniences and problems which complicate the life of the commuter. Her election to this office was no surprise, as she has been interested in school affairs ever since Lower B. Her musical abilities are equalled only by her accomplishments in the field of science. As her main interests lie in the sciences, she hopes to continue these studies next year at Bishop's.

Activities: Head Girl, Prefect, Second Basketball Team, '60-61, Badminton Team, '60-61.



HEATHER MACLEAN

"I had rather wear out than rust out."

"I disagree," is the frequent remark which interrupts most of our classes. Heather has snapped up the opportunity for a quick intellectual argument. As Sub-Head of the School, her organization is a masterpiece of clockwork precision. Her sense of humour, an expression of colourful wit, has livened up scores of debates. Her genuine interest in the school charities and unfailing generosity have led her to play a prominent role in the charitable work this year. Heather is the kind of girl who can go far, and, if her legs hold up, she will go far.

Activities: Sub-Head of the School, Prefect, Head of Beta Lambda.



ANN BARCLAY

"I eat well, and I drink well, and I sleep well — but that's all."

Ann, the "Falstaff" of the Sixth, has a remarkable aptitude for getting in, and just as quickly, getting out of, tight spots. With a grin and a jar of "Metrecal" she meets every situation with breezy confidence. We shall all miss Ann's impromptu concerts, and hope the alto section will be able to manage without her next year, when she will be continuing her music studies at McGill.

Activities: Sub-Head of Mu Gamma.

BRENDA BRIDGMAN

"She talks it so fast it must be good."

We all wonder which will crack first — her voice or her health. But in spite of her weakened condition, Brenda has displayed great efficiency as Prefect, Games Captain, and House Head. Her academic results show that between visits to the dentist and telephone conversations, she puts great effort into her work. The ridiculously involved and exaggerated accounts of her latest escapades have been an invaluable source of amusement. Next year the accomplished "raconteur" of the endless Bridgman "soap opera" will have entered Arts at McGill.

Activities: Prefect, Games Captain of the School, Head of Mu Gamma, Games Captain of Mu Gamma, First Basketball Team, '58-'59-'60-'61, Second Basketball Team, '56-'57-'58.



SHEILA BRUCE

"Napoleon had his Waterloo; Sheila has her Spelling."

In spite of her favourite expression "Oh, what a bore!" Sheila can become quite fanatically enthusiastic when she wants to. Her pointed statements and unaltering opinions have created many an explosion in the Sixth Form. Her frank observations often bring on a state of wild hysteria. While everyone is choking with laughter, Sheila looks on with mild surprise and remarks, "Well, it's true." Next year at Neuchâtel she plans to ski in Switzerland and to hunt in England.

Activities: Prefect, Head of Kappa Rho, Senior Ski Team, '58-'59.,

JENNIFER CARROLL

"Humour is emotional chaos remembered in tranquility."

"I swear I didn't cut my hair!" is Jennifer's semi-annual remark. Her remarkable ability to control the growth of her hair is matched by the ease with which she conquers the scholastic world. Jennifer's artistic powers are displayed through her paintings and her prize-winning literature. An infectious chuckle from the rear of the room betrays her "off-beat" sense of humour, which often leaves the rest of us in uncontrolled mirth, although we are not very sure why. Her intention is to major in anything except chemistry next year at McGill.

Activities: Sixth Form Treasurer.



BEV CARTER

"I am a Bear of Very Little Brain and long words Bother me."

Montreal West's loss was our gain as Bev excels in basketball, and has led our team to many a victory. Although she has been with us for only two years, "it feels as if she were always one of us." When she is not in class or on the basketball court, Bev may be found travelling the Montreal-Ottawa route, of which she has a thorough knowledge. Next year Bev's grin will grace the Mount Allison campus.

Activities: Sixth Form Treasurer, First Basketball Team, '60-'61
Second Basketball Team, '59-'60, Badminton Team, '60-'61.



LINDA FROSST

"It is in learning music that many learn to love."

A vote of thanks goes to Linda and to her seemingly endless supply of "Frosst" blotters which have relieved numerous inky catastrophes in the Sixth Form. Always willing to lend a helping hand, she is recognized for her kindness and her co-operation. This year, under her leadership, Delta Beta has done amazingly well. Next year at Neuchâtel we expect her to do as well as she has done here at the Study.

Activities: Head of Delta Beta, Games Captain of Delta Beta, '59-'60.

ELIZABETH HENRY

"In school she's quiet and demure, but outside we're not so sure."

Elizabeth came to us this year from "Marie de France" and has added a great deal to the class with her humorous remarks expressing the quiet amazement of every new girl of "The Study." Although she is quiet, she takes great interest in all the Sixth Form activities. Despite the language problem she has done admirably, and has conquered the Mathematical World by giving it up completely. She has already been accepted by the University of Montreal, and we wish her the best of luck.



SANDRA HERRON

"I would rather have a fool to make me merry than experience to make me sad."

Sandra is the Sixth Form's most deceptively quiet member. Her constant willingness to take part in form activities, plus her subtle sense of humour and listening abilities reveal the sparkle behind the brown eyes. Her plans for the not immediate future include plans for nursing, which have not yet fully developed. Although she was somewhat hindered by a long-term hospital session this Christmas, we look forward to seeing Sandra in the best of health in the ranks of the Allouette Majorettes in September.

Activities: Sub-Head of Delta Beta.



MARCIA PATERSON

"Have ballet shoes; will travel."

Although we know Marci could reach great heights academically, we hope her feet will carry her even higher. The class mimic, a natural comic, Marci has reduced us to tears with her versatile and highly entertaining impressions. Her quick wit and characteristic slinness can get her out of any tight spot her obstinacy has led her into. Her determination and sense of fun are bound to bring her success next year in New York where she will continue her dancing.

Activities: Prefect, Sub-Head of Beta Lambda.

ANNE THOM

"I never bog down in detail; I never know any."

Anne (with an "e", please) is the one member of the class who insists on being an individualist in spite of any opposition. She possesses a remarkable ability for deftly tackling any problem. History examination questions are her favourites — more especially when she lacks the facts of the matter! To the members of her editorial committee the countless folders are a complete mystery, but to the Editor of the Magazine they represent organized confusion. We hope that Anne will put to good use her literary talent and her sense of humour in whatever field she decides to conquer.

Activities: Sub-Head of Kappa Rho, Editor of the Magazine.



MUSIC

Music, with
Flutes and toots;
Music, with
Noises that make:
Squeaks
and
Creaks
and
Streaks
Which are nice,
But some are
As loud
As thunder in a cloud.

Music is nice
if
You know how
To play
In a way
That it sounds
Not loud
Like thunder in a cloud.

Prize-winning poem.

ELLEN HORNER, *Lower Third.*

SCHOOL CHARITIES

As 1959-60 was World Refugee year, the Sixth Form decided to help this worthy cause through the school bazaar. Being particularly interested in children, we decided to send our donation of \$1000.00 to a trade school in Hong Kong. Here, teenagers learn to make a living, and to aid others less fortunate than themselves.

Five hundred dollars of the bazaar money went to the School for Retarded Children on Rockland Avenue in Montreal. In October some of the members of the Sixth Form were fortunate enough to visit the school while classes were in session. At the Open House in January, several members of the Staff, Sixth Form and Upper Fifth Form saw how our money had been used to buy copper enamelling equipment. Using this material, each child had made a brooch for his mother for Christmas. The remainder of the money had bought silk screening materials for some of their adult division. Mr. Cassidy, the Principal, hopes some of their adults will be able to silk screen Christmas cards.

Again this year Dr. Hitchmanova came to speak to us, and to show us her slides about the work of the Unitarian Service Committee of Canada in India and Korea. As usual, her message was both interesting and inspiring. As you all worked so hard, the bazaar was a marvellous success, and we were able to give \$300.00 to Dr. Hitchmanova's committee.

The school has continued to sponsor Teresa Picozzi in Ceccano, Italy. Recently we received a letter thanking us for the Christmas gift of \$50.00 and for our parcel. This contained some lengths of material, a sweater and other woollen articles. She used some of the money to pay the rent on her family's flat, some for new shoes, and some was given to her mother.

Through collections and the School Charity Fund, \$200.00 was sent to the Red Feather and \$150.00 to the Red Cross.

Your weekly collections have been contributed to the expense of maintaining the Patricia Drummond cot at the Montreal Children's Hospital. As its name suggests, this cot is in memory of Patricia Drummond who died while a student at The Study.

The last week of the Christmas Term was spent assembling hampers to be sent to various families whose names were supplied to us by the School for Crippled Children. Some wonderful looking hampers were distributed to these families, each of which contains at least one crippled child.

The Sixth Form would like to thank their two treasurers, Jennifer Carroll and Beverley Carter, for looking after the books.

As a Sixth Form we feel that one of the most important things we have learnt at "The Study" has been to think of others before ourselves. We who have comfortable homes, adequate food, loving parents, and educational opportunities, sometimes have difficulty in imagining the life of poverty or misfortune others lead. I hope that you will all learn the valuable lesson The Study can teach you.

Many thanks for your support of the School Charities this year.

HEATHER MACLEAN, *Sixth Form.*



Front Row: Katrina McLean, Lynda Kaplan, Wendy Kyles, Wendy Hampson, Jane Stikeman, Terry Carton. Second Row: Jaan Moll, Jaan Johnston, Claudia Southam, Barbara Campbell, Jaan Brakley, Jill Mall, Cathy Campbell, Sally Griffin. Third Row: Jaanne Robertsan, Sally Nelson, Debarah Brakeley, Cecil Bryant, Narah Hague, Diana Pepall, Gail Russel, Anne L'Anglais, Debarah Frasst, Cathy Kerrigan, Daphne Saundersan. Fourth Row: Patricia Davidsan, Rosalind Pepall, Andrea Stewart, Ann McRabie, Stephanie Laird, Sandra Meakins, Jill Jahnsan, Jane Fax, Diana Galland, Deirdre Henderson, Gail Corneil. Fifth Row: Ann Barclay, Jennifer Carroll. Absent: Margaret Ballantyne, Janet Bentley, Brenda Bridgman, Esme Carrall.

MU GAMMA

| | | |
|-------------------------|-----------|-------------------------------|
| <i>House Mistresses</i> | - - - - - | Miss Foster, Miss Malachowski |
| <i>Head</i> | - - - - - | Brenda Bridgman |
| <i>Sub-Head</i> | - - - - - | Ann Barclay |
| <i>Games Captain</i> | - - - - - | Brenda Bridgman |

As in past years, Mu Gamma has shown that she is capable of a high academic standing. Last year we finished at the bottom of the ladder but we are making a quick recovery.

Mu Gamma won the Sports Cup last year for the fourth consecutive year. However, although everyone has shown tremendous house spirit, it seems that the cup will elude our grasp this year.

Everyone has contributed to Mu Gamma's present standing but special mention should be given to Janet Bentley, Andrea Stewart, and Gail Corneil who have contributed more than their share of excellents.

We also wish to thank Miss Malachowski and Miss Foster who are always there to cheer us on, and we greatly appreciate the enthusiasm and support they have given us through the year.

We have greatly enjoyed being the heads of Mu Gamma during this year of scholastic improvement and we are sure that with the house spirit the Mu Gamma-ites have shown they will do well in the future.

BRENDA BRIDGMAN, ANN BARCLAY.



Front Row: Robin Knight, Ellen Horner, Wendy Ronalds, Barbara Francis, Mary Ann Ferguson. Second Row: Lynn Eakin, Ricki Zinman, Katie MacInnes, Penny Packard, Pam Owen, Barbara Tennant, Janice Hamilton. Third Row: Pegi Bates, Susan Galt, Crikky Brodhead, Mary Pat Stephens, Eleanor Francis, Jorie Adams, Jocelyn Colby, Rosamund Collyer, Marjorie Thom, Sherry Cushing, Jane Horner. Fourth Row: Peggy Tenant, Joan Thornton, Caroline Henwood, Diana Stephens, Sally Farrell, Linda Jeffrey, Jennifer Dixon, Barbara White, Suzanne Braun, Carroll Campbell. Fifth Row: Sheila Bruce, Janet Gardiner. Absent: Kathie Fisher, Angelika Kater, Joel Pootmans, Anne Thom.

KAPPA RHO

| | | | | | |
|---------------------------|---|---|---|---|-----------------------------|
| <i>House Mistresses</i> — | — | — | — | — | Miss Marshall, Miss Harbert |
| <i>Head</i> — | — | — | — | — | Sheila Bruce |
| <i>Sub-Head</i> — | — | — | — | — | Anne Thom |
| <i>Games Captain</i> — | — | — | — | — | Carroll Campbell |

Kappa Rho, go, go, go
-up ?

Rise up! rise up Kappa Rho,
 Then our score won't be so low.
 P'r'aps in years to come you'll score
 With fewer rules and excellents more.

With not much brawn but brains galore,
 We moved our standing up one more;
 The house was led by Mary Anne
 Followed by Kate and also Pam.

In volleyball and basketball
 Led by our undaunted Carroll,
 Although we did not do too badly
 The cup we had to lose most sadly.

The lower fourth we'd like to thank
 For their keen effort, though we sank
 At last. This term the swimming meet
 We hope to conquer with many a feat.

Miss Marshall and Miss Harbert both
 Have given counsels, nothing loath,
 To help the girls. Now Kappa Rho
 With all behind defeat your foe!

SHEILA BRUCE, ANNE THOM.



Front Row: Judy Fisher, Barr Lewis, Monica Keator, Kathleen Kirkpatrick, Hinda Schreiber. Second Row: Beverley Birks, Jane Birks, Christy French, Gail Victor, Jennifer Hill, Anne Little, Betty Sazie, Andrea Thomson, Susan Fisher, Penny Dolmon. Third Row: Susan Boxter, Louisa Mathias, Judy Bannar, Elisabeth Marlin, Jane Eversfield, Cindy King, Joy Thomson, Barbara Birks, Kote Lewis, Cathy Peters, Lizette Gilday. Fourth Row: Mary Brinsden, Lorno Birks, Karen Keator, Elizabeth Gilday, Roberta deVries, Derry McLernon, Mary Hawken. Fifth Row: Sondra Herron, Linda Frosst, Bev. Carter. Absent: Sally Baxter, Leslie Gould, Janet Logan, Sarah Smith.

DELTA BETA

| | | | | | |
|-------------------------|---|---|---|---|---------------------------------|
| <i>House Mistresses</i> | - | - | - | - | Mrs. Scott, Mlle. Panet-Raymond |
| <i>Head</i> | - | - | - | - | Linda Frosst |
| <i>Sub-Head</i> | - | - | - | - | Sandra Herron |
| <i>Games Captain</i> | - | - | - | - | Derry McLernon |

Delta Beta has once again come into her own, as at Christmas we headed the list in both academics and sports, and we are very pleased to note that the standard set at the beginning of the year has been continuing on through the Easter term.

We should like to thank everyone for her individual effort, and especially our new girls — Monica Keator, Kathleen Kirkpatrick, and Sarah Larratt-Smith, all of whom have joined Delta Beta's ranks in Lower Third, and Barr Lewis, Andrea Thompson, Louisa Mathias and Patty McLernon.

We are very grateful for the enthusiasm with which Derry McLernon has handled her responsibility as Games Captain, and we also wish to thank Mrs. Scott and Mlle. Panet-Raymond for their loyal and kind support.

This year has proven that Delta Beta is capable of achieving a high standard, and this can be maintained if each girl does her utmost to keep up the house spirit.

The best of luck for next year, Delta Beta!

LINDA FROSST, SANDRA HERRON.



Front Row: Amanda Shaughnessy, Nina Fialkowsky, Ann Esdaile, Ann Norsworthy, Tina Cross, Clare Porteous Carol Norsworthy. Second Row: Jill Rankin, Susan Clapham, Nancy Savage, Cindy Morton, Cathy Common, Patricia Shannon, Joanne Egar. Third Row: Cathy Jarvis, Martha Trower, Joan Traversy, Eleanor Fleet, Judy Parish, Judith Stewart, Sheila MacLean, Kippy Murphy, Betty Finnie. Fourth Row: Mary MacKay, Nancy McEntyre, Leslie Forbes, Joanna MacLean, Susan Burtch, Lindsay Scott, Jean Finnie, Mary MacFarlane. Fifth Row: Marcia Paterson. Heather MacLean, Elizabeth Henry. Absent: Jennifer Forbes, Deirdre Harrison, Lynn Markham, Claire Marler, Holly Nelson, Jane Nelson, Susan Rose.

BETA LAMBDA

| | | |
|-------------------------|-----------|------------------------------|
| <i>House Mistresses</i> | — — — — | Mrs. Reiffenstein, Mrs. Luke |
| <i>Head</i> | — — — — — | Heather MacLean |
| <i>Sub-Head</i> | — — — — — | Marcia Paterson |
| <i>Games Captain</i> | — — — — — | Jane Nelson |

At last the news must be spread,
Beta Lambda's come ahead.
For 1960 brought us fame,
The cup to OUR house that year came!
O happy, happy days long past,
Our new found fame is sinking fast.
In nineteen hundred and sixty-one,
It appears we've had too much fun.
Your words of encouragement, support
we've felt,

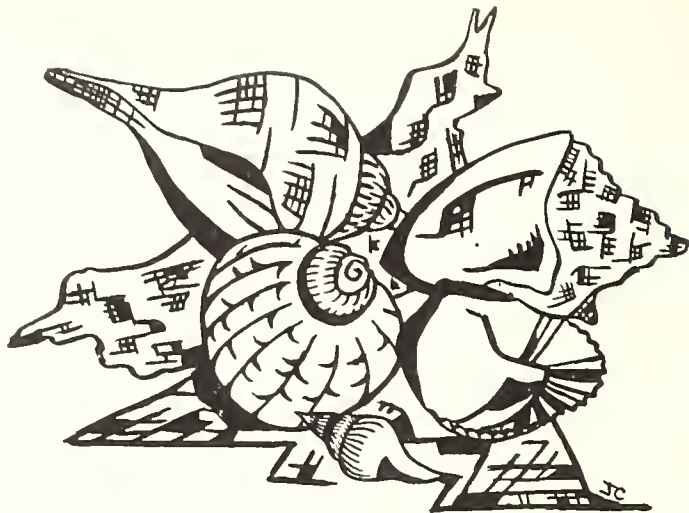
Mrs. Reiffenstein and Mrs. Luke, we
do appreciate your help.
Our thanks for hard work, help and
thought,
To Esdaile, Savage, Common and
Scott.

Also held in high esteem,
Are Jane and all her healthy team.
Jarvis and Traversy in badminton
excel,
And last year's swimmers did extremely
well.

In nineteen hundred and sixty-two,
Let the returns and points off be so few,
That Beta Lambda will rise again,
To that, her former prestige and fame.

HEATHER MACLEAN, MARCIA PATERSON.

ART



This year, art classes from Lower B through to the Sixth Form have enjoyed their lessons more than ever in our new art studio on the third floor. Many of the girls have already painted their impressions of the new sights to be seen from the numerous large windows overlooking the river.

Members of the Lower School enjoy modelling with clay as well as painting. Girls of the Middle School have worked out several intriguing compositions on "scratch boards" and have painted a number of colourful posters for the annual S.P.C.A. competition. We would like to congratulate Joan Traversy on winning a prize from the Red Cross for a picture showing European children an aspect of our Canadian way of life. We would also like to thank members of the Middle School for the scenery they designed for the school plays and for the decorations for the bazaar.

For the Crèche this Christmas, Joan Thornton modelled, in clay, a composition of the Virgin Mary and the Infant Jesus. We decided not to paint a stained glass window for the gymnasium because of the high awkward position of the windows.

The matriculation class would like to thank Miss Seath for her interest and guidance in the past years. Our thanks are extended to Mr. Park for a gift of very fine paper on which to express our ideas. We were fortunate in being presented with a slide projector by the S.O.G.A., and we have enjoyed the slides in the History of Art classes. The S.O.G.A. also very kindly gave us a sum of money to buy objects to draw from which included a reproduction in plaster of "Praying Hands" by Albrecht Durer, the 15th century artist, and animals for the younger children.

We sincerely hope that Miss Seath and the girls have the best of success in the future.

JENNIFER CARROLL, *Sixth Form.*



DRAMATIC NOTES

This year we have had a variety of plays put on by the Upper Fourth and Lower Fifth drama groups under the skillful direction of Miss Harbert.

Just before the Christmas holidays the Lower Fifth presented "The Luck of Troy", by Oakden and Sturt. This play had an amusing plot and a surprise ending.

On the last day of the Christmas term we were entertained by a delightful and original play, sung by the Lower Fourth. The songs were sung with conviction and clarity and they added more joy to our Christmas spirit.

We closed the Easter term with an equally original and amusing French play by the same form. It was all the more enjoyable for the authors of the play were Lower Fourth. Andrea Thompson was very good as the spoiled little Sophie. The French accents and the quaint costumes were a credit to Madame Little and Mademoiselle Panet-Raymond.

Near the close of the Easter term the Upper Fourths put on "Seven Who Pass While the Lentils Boil", by W. Stuart. This charming play was a delight to all. The leading actresses, playing a queen and a boy, were Kathy Peters and Holly Nelson.

The Lower Fifth will amuse us with a shortened version of "As You Like It". Kate Lewis is cast as the hero, Orlando, and Judy Parish as the lovely heroine Rosalind. Celiâ, Rosalind's good friend, will be played by Barbara Birks, and Stephanie Laird will portray the evil brother, Oliver. Judith Stewart will be the banished Duke, Caroline Henwood, Phebe, and Sheila MacLean will play the dual role of Duke Frederick and Silvius.

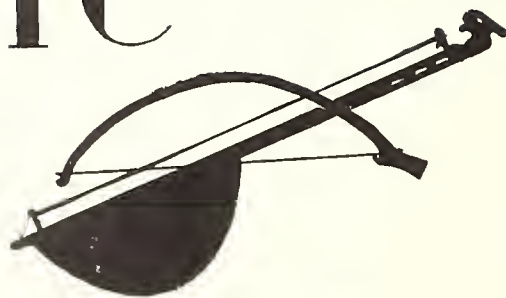
The costumes of these plays were unique and showed the adaptability of Miss Harbert's property cupboard. As always, Miss Seath lent the drama groups her time and skill in preparing appropriate scenery. This year the plays have been very entertaining and well-presented. Next year's efforts are eagerly anticipated.

SALLY FARRELL, LINDSAY SCOTT, *Upper Fifth.*



"Sophie" and her funeral procession.

MUSIC



An outstanding feature of the Study is that its singing classes provide an invaluable opportunity to acquire an appreciation of good music.

This year has been an especially busy one musically.

Our first challenge came in the form of the annual Christmas concert. At last we were able to accommodate all our parents and friends on the same day; several fathers, arriving at the last minute, chose to perch on top of our gym equipment, and remarked afterwards that the Study had not lost any of its informal atmosphere in the move!

The Upper School sang "Rejoice and be Merry", a sequence of traditional carols arranged by Cedric Thorpe Davie, and an enchanting arrangement of that perennial favourite, "The Twelve Days of Christmas". The Lower and Middle Schools sang, among other songs, the French carol "D'où viens-tu, bergère?", "We saw thee in thy balmy nest", and "Lullay my Liking" by Holst. "Morgen, Kinder, wird's was geben" was sung by the German classes, and the Study recorders provided a variation in the programme, with three selections including the "Coventry Carol".

When we returned from the holidays, Miss Blanchard was waiting with a surprise — the first annual Montreal Competitive Music Festival was to take place at the end of February. Thereupon feverish preparations began on the part of the Third and Fourth Forms as well as the Upper School.

The Thirds gave a delightful performance of "The cuckoo is a pretty bird" and "O hush thee, my babe" which earned them a first place, and they were invited to sing at the final concert of the Festival. The Fourths tied for second place in their class with Purcell's "Let the Fifes", and "O can ye sew cushions?" arranged by Granville Bantock. Unfortunately the Upper School had no competition but the adjudicator complimented us on our "light, tripping tone" and "clear and neat runs" in "Come let us all a-maying go" by Handel, and he was very pleased with our "very artistic performance" of Charles Wood's "Orpheus with his Lute". We received 86 and 87 marks respectively for these two songs.

We have been invited to sing at the morning service in Erskine and American Church on Sunday, April 23rd., and we are looking forward to our own Cathedral service in June.

Last year, Janet Gardiner brought honour to the school by winning a silver medal and a scholarship from the Royal Conservatory of Music of Toronto for attaining the highest mark in the Grade IX Piano Examination in Quebec and Eastern Canada.

We are indebted to Miss Jones, our excellent accompanist, for her competence throughout the year, and we heartily thank her.

Without Miss Blanchard we could never have accomplished all we have this year, and we are very grateful for her patient and understanding guidance in providing us with a musical education which will remain with us always.

LINDA FROSST, *Sixth Form.*



ARTY TROWER

BASKETBALL

We had a very exciting basketball season this year. There was great enthusiasm among the younger girls as well as among the older ones. We did not win all our games, but with excellent coaching and advice from Miss Moore, both teams played with great spirit and skill.

First Team:

In the Inter-School games there was great competition. The First Team started off well by winning the first two games. Unfortunately we lost our second game against Trafalgar, which meant our next game had to be a victory, if we wished to stay in the running for the cup. This was a hard fought battle, but Miss Edgar's managed to win by one point.

Shots: Brenda Bridgman (Captain), Carroll Campbell, Gail Corneil, Jane Nelson.

Guards: Bev Carter, Derry McLernon, Joanne Robertson.

Second Team:

The second team played consistently well all season, winning all but one of its games and thereby retaining the cup for another year.

Shots: Janet Gardiner (Captain), Stephanie Laird, Ann McRobie, Roberta deVries.

Guards: Sally Farrell, Elisabeth Marlin, Mary MacFarlane, Lindsay Scott, Diana Stephens.

Third Team:

The third team, our junior team, had a very good showing, winning all three of its games. With these results I feel we can look forward to promising teams in future years.

Shots: Sherry Cushing, Judy Parish, Andrea Stewart (Captain).

Guards: Mary Hawken, Jill Johnson, Nancy McEntyre.

Subs: Jocelyn Colby, Elizabeth Gilday, Joan Traversy, Mary Pat Stephens, Rosalind Pepall, Judith Stewart, Caroline Henwood, Joy Thompson, Barbara Birks, Cathy Jarvis.



First Basketball Team—Kneeling: Carol Campbell, Brenda Bridgman (Captain), Derry McLernon. Back Row: Gail Corneil, Joanne Robertson, Bev. Carter, Jane Nelson.



Second Basketball Team—Kneeling: Janet Gardiner (Captain). Second Row: Diana Stephens, Mary MacFarlane, Roberta deVries, Elisabeth Marlin, Stephanie Laird, Lindsay Scott, Sally Farrell, Ann McRobie.

Results of Inter-School Matches:

| | <i>1st Team</i> | <i>2nd Team</i> |
|-----------------------|----------------------|----------------------|
| Trafalgar | <i>won</i> 18 to 8 | <i>lost</i> 20 to 11 |
| Weston | — | <i>won</i> 40 to 5 |
| Miss Edgars | <i>won</i> 19 to 5 | <i>won</i> 13 to 3 |
| Trafalgar | <i>lost</i> 28 to 7 | <i>won</i> 15 to 8 |
| Weston | — | <i>won</i> 38 to 8 |
| Miss Edgars | <i>lost</i> 13 to 12 | <i>won</i> 19 to 7 |
| Trafalgar | — | <i>won</i> 16 to 8 |

We are very proud of Lower Fourth who showed keen interest throughout the year and won a game against Miss Edgars with a score of 14 to 0.

EXHIBITION GAMES

Again this year the First and Second Teams played against Montreal High School in two very exciting games. The First Team won with a score of 28 to 11, and the Second Team won with a score of 26 to 18.

HOUSE BASKETBALL

House Basketball was organized differently this year as we had more chance to play in our beautiful, big gymnasium. Therefore, House Games were held almost every week, and each House worked hard to compile points. Delta Beta seemed by far the most successful in this competition.

HOUSE VOLLEYBALL

This year it was a very close race. However, Mu Gamma came first, winning 50 points, and Delta Beta came second with 25 points. Special mention should be given to Kappa Rho who fought bravely down to the last whistle.

INTER-SCHOOL SKIING

We had marvellous results in the Inter-School skiing. The First Team made a fine showing by coming 5th out of 10 schools, but it was the Second Team who really captured honours by winning the Junior Cup. We were all very pleased to hear that Lynn Eakin came first in the Junior Combined.

This year we were again fortunate in having Chris Gibbon as our coach.

| <i>Senior Team</i> | <i>Junior Team</i> |
|--------------------------|-------------------------|
| Elizabeth Gilday | Barbara Birks (Captain) |
| Mary MacFarlane | Lynn Eakin (Captain) |
| Derry McLernon (Captain) | Mary MacKay |
| Ann McRobie | Holly Nelson |
| Jane Nelson | Susan Rose |
| Diana Stephens | Andrea Thompson |

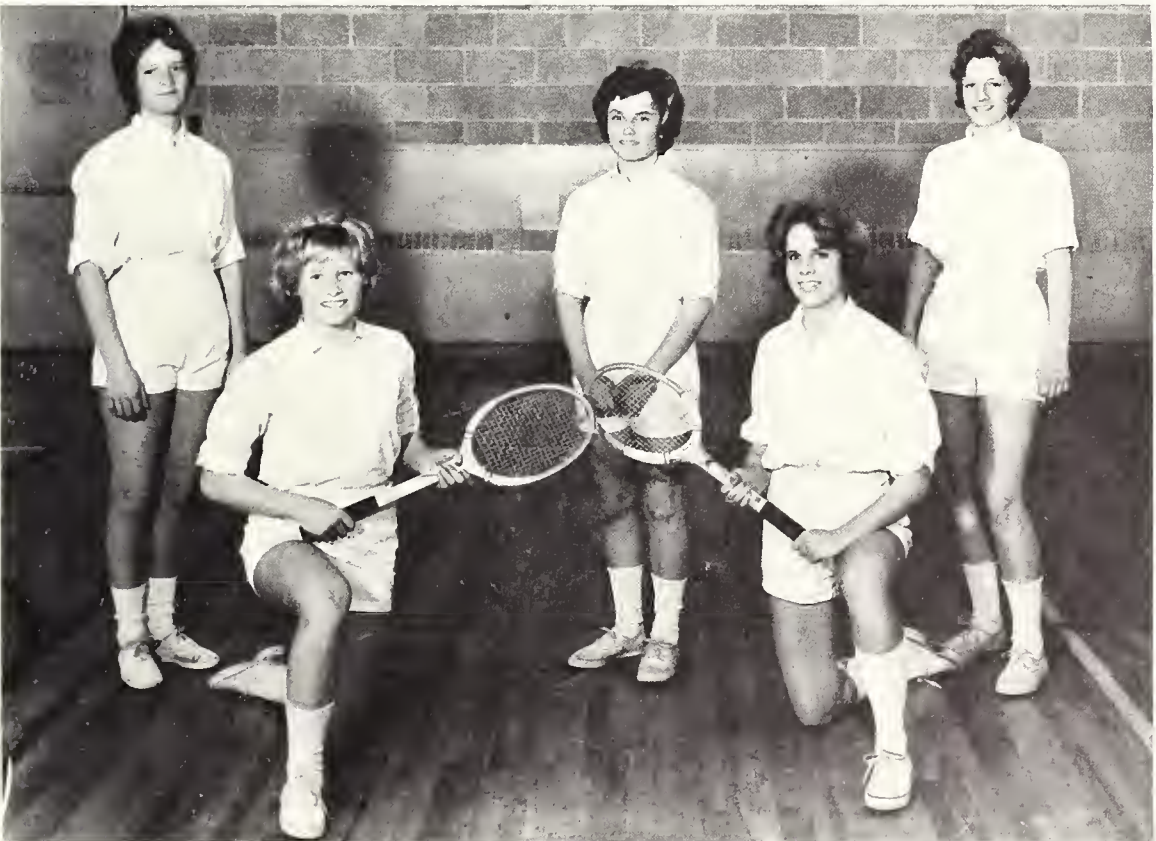
INTER-SCHOOL TENNIS

In the Inter-School Tennis, the competition was very close among the four schools. Although the Second Team came first in its section, Trafalgar scored the most points and won the cup.

Tennis Team: Gail Corneil (Captain), Joan Johnson, Derry McLernon, Ann McRobie, Jane Nelson.



Third Basketball Team—Front Row: Jill Jahnson, Judy Parish, Andrea Stewart, Sherry Cushing, Nancy McEntyre (Captain), Mary Hawken. Second Row: Jacelyn Colby, Jaan Traversy, Mary Pat Stephens, Rosalind Pepall, Judith Stewart, Elizabeth Gilday, Caroline Henwood, Joy Thampsan, Barbara Birks, Cathy Jorvis.



Tennis Teams—Kneeling: Gail Carneil, Jaan Jahnson. Standing: Ann McRobie, Jane Nelson, Derry McLernon.



First Ski Team—Kneeling: Derry McLernon (Captain). Standing: Diana Stephens, Mary MacFarlane, Elizabeth Gilday, Jane Nelson, Ann McRobie.



Second Ski Team—Front Row: Lynn Eakin (Captain), Barbara Birks (Captain). Back Row: Holly Nelson, Jill Jahnsan, Andrea Thampsan, Mary MacKay, Susan Rase.

BADMINTON

Badminton was a new sport in the School this year, and at first only frustrated groans could be heard coming from the gym. However, Study girls never give up, and soon, after a great deal of practising, many players became very proficient. We were then able to pick a team which brought success to the school by winning all its games.

SWIMMING

Everyone always looks forward to the Annual Swimming Meet. During the Summer Term instruction was given every Monday and Wednesday afternoons at the Y.W.C.A. pool.

Last year the swimming meet was a great success as usual. Mu Gamma, having most of the top swimmers in the Upper School, placed first. However, all the girls entered into the meet with great enthusiasm and House spirit.

SPORTS DAY

Last year we were fortunate in having a beautiful day for our annual Sports Day which was held in Murray Park.

The girls competed within their forms for their respective Houses thus giving each girl a chance to gain points for her House. The activities included jumping, class races and various other races including the shuttle race, one in which every girl takes part. Mu Gamma came out on top last year, but the other Houses were not far behind.

I know we are all looking forward to this year's Sports Day, and I hope it will be as successful as in past years.

BRENDA BRIDGMAN, *Games Captain.*



Badminton Team—Front Row: Cathy Jarvis, Joan Traversy, Derry McLernon, Gail Corneil. Second Row: Janet Gardiner, Mary MacKay, Sherry Cushing, Rosalind Pepall, Martha Trower, Bev. Carter. Third Row: Ann McRobie, Roberta deVries, Nancy McEntyre, Judy Parish.

STAFF NOTES

Last year the Junior School lost two of its staff members: Mrs. Kaufman, who was temporarily the form mistress of Upper B, and Miss Howard, Upper A's form mistress. Their places have been taken by Miss Perkin and Mrs. Lennard, who was formerly on the staff of the Lower School as Miss Coleman.

There was a gap in the Middle and Upper Schools with the loss of two of our French teachers, Madame Legrand and Mademoiselle Revai. However, this space has been excellently filled by Mademoiselle Panet-Raymond and Madame Kebedgy.

Another loss to the school was that of Miss Passmore, and together with the rest of the school we wish her all the happiness in her recent engagement. Miss Passmore's position as head of the Geography Department and form mistress of Upper Third, was taken by Mrs. Luke, who also took over the teaching of scripture and Canadian history to the upper forms.

This April we shall miss Mrs. Little, who will be joining Mr. Little and his choir on a tour of Japan.

MARCIA PATERSON, *Sixth Form*.

"EXCERPTS FROM MME. LITTLE'S LETTERS"

Le Japon est un pays merveilleux: beau, moderne, hospitalier, pittoresque. Les enfants vont partout avec leurs parents, même les bébés, attachés sur le dos de leur mère, même au théâtre le soir. Ils sont adorables et toujours heureux et sages.

Nous avons déjà mangé la version Japonaise d'un sandwich; riz froid et poisson cru entourés d'algues—c'est curieux; on les mange avec de très fines tranches de gingembre, et on boit un excellent thé vert.

Nous avons eu une grande réception à l'ambassade canadienne à Tokyo, où nous avons rencontré des ambassadeurs de tous les pays du monde. On m'y a présentée à une dame d'honneur de l'Impératrice—dame très digne et très importante en Kimono. Je dois dire que j'étais un peu intimidée!

Nous voici à Osaka—la chorale donne son premier concert ce soir et toutes les places (4,000) sont vendues. La salle de concert est fantastique—splendide, et l'acoustique est parfaite à toutes les places.

Partout nous avons été reçus comme des princes—tapis rouge par terre, présentation de fleurs à toute la chorale par de ravissantes fillettes en kimonos Tokyo est une ville immense—la plus grande du monde. Nous y avons vu du théâtre et des danses Kabouki, costumes splendides, et musique de shamisen, avec un récitant qui chantonne d'une voix aiguë et nasillarde.

En allant à Osaka, nous avons vu du train le Fugi Yama, très haut, très pur, très blanc, dépassant toute la chaîne de montagnes, la côte du Pacifique est très belle, et de l'autre côté on voyait des rizières et des plantations de thé. Tout est admirablement organisé. Les Japonais sont très hospitaliers et toujours souriants.

Amicalement,

Sayonara (au revoir en japonais).

M. LITTLE

THE WORLD OF THE VERY SMALL

(The World of Limited Opportunity)

"Deux cafés pour sortir." Thus spake the solemn-faced urchin from the undersized 'garage facing Louis' tired-looking snack-bar.

"Instant," muttered the man in shirtsleeves, slouched behind the narrow counter. It was still early. The water was not yet hot. Louis did as little as possible until eight-thirty, when the water became hot enough to make his brew of coffee convincingly black for consumption. His ponderous form contrasted sharply with the pale, delicately angular figure waiting patiently before him. Besides the boy and the man, there was concealed in the shadows at the back of the room, a warped figure stooped over the morning paper. The white head was bent over the classified advertisements. He did not glance up until he had painstakingly scrutinized each column. When he finally turned to the sports page, he put one of the two dimes on the table beside him into his pocket and ordered a cup of coffee.

No one spoke for several instants. The kettle was beginning to hiss gently when the sharp sound of the rear door slamming cracked the early morning silence. The quick step of a short man roused Louis who looked expectantly towards the narrow passage which divided the snack-bar from the storeroom and office behind. The pudgy, obviously oriental man paused in the passage to light a cigarette. He tossed the glowing match into one of the many cola cartons stacked against the wall, and proceeded towards the front of the store with a studied saunter, betraying the cheapness of the greatcoat which was meant to look expensive. Louis went forward to greet the visitor, who managed to show his gold premolar and to hang on to his cigarette at the same time. There was a quiet conference, then the meeting adjourned to the rear office. The incongruous combination of the guttural bass voice and the high-pitched sing-song rose above the rustling of order forms. Ten minutes passed before the business was completed. The rear door slammed, and Louis returned to the bar. The old man and his newspaper had been joined by a second old man and a newspaper, and the two men were deep in discussion. By this time the water had been hot for several minutes and Louis automatically commenced to produce large quantities of the black liquid in short spaces of time. He served the two elderly customers, and then gave his attention to the quiet boy who was intently studying the faded, rather poorly painted mural which decorated the length of one wall.

"Voici, Petit," said Louis, as he passed over two paper cups.

"Merci, Louis. Salut." The small figure slipped out, balancing his charge, and disappeared amongst the nine o'clock traffic.

*Alexander Hutchinson Essay Competition
Senior Prize.*

ANNE THOM, *Sixth Form.*

THE KINGDOM UNDER THE SEA

One gloomy afternoon, in a little house off the coast of the Atlantic Ocean, sat a little girl. She was in a big dark room sitting all by herself. Her name was Fiona. Fiona had a very cruel stepmother, who was not very concerned about her, for Fiona was one of the many thousands of people who had polio.

One day Fiona felt very adventurous. She wanted to do something, instead of always looking at the same old things. Then she called for her nurse, Susan.

"I want to be taken down to the seashore."

Susan was obedient and pushed Fiona's wheelchair down to the seashore. Fiona was now alone with the rippling of the waves. Suddenly a giant wave was approaching Fiona. When it came nearer, Fiona saw a big green image. To her surprise, she saw a great turtle. He looked very ferocious with his giant shell, yet he had a kindly smile. He did not have terror in his eyes, for it seemed that he was looking for a friend.

Fiona thought to herself, "The turtle and I are here for the same reason. I don't see why I can't be friends with him." Cautiously, but anxiously Fiona wheeled her chair down near the turtle. Quietly she said, "Would you like to become my friend?"

The turtle, a bit surprised at this request, thought it would be fun to have a friend. So that was settled. Fiona had made her first triumph in making a friend. In a minute Fiona had climbed onto the turtle's back.

As Fiona went under the water, she felt her muscles stretching and waking up from their long sleep. She tried to move her leg, and sure enough, her leg began to move. Then Fiona, forgetting that she had polio, began to swim beside her friend.

Onward they travelled, through the red, blue, and yellow waters, until they came to a small village. All at once there were no inhabitants, for all the little animals were terrified of the giant turtle. Fiona thought it was mean not to like the turtle, so she explained to them that although her friend was big, he had a kind heart.

The first animal that Fiona saw was Professor Seahorse Smart. He was settled on a statue of seaweed. It was named after Mayor Leslie James, who was the first mayor the village ever had.

Then she saw a school of fish led by a trout called Sidney. As the class passed, Fiona could hear the chattering of the students.

The most formal person that Fiona met was Dr. Frog. He was dressed with his top hat. All the people of the village were gathered around him. Fiona wondered what all this fuss was for. Was it for her?

Dr. Frog started to speak in a loud and important voice, "All the citizens of this village want to give you a coral medal for your co-operation. You see, we love men and try to develop their minds. You are well, not because of the wonders of the sea, but because you forgot that you had polio. You did not feel sorry for yourself. This medal is to remind you of us, and your adventure in the sea."

Then everybody cheered, and Fiona was so happy. Now she knew that with the comments of others you can correct yourself.

After a few hours of playing with the fish, Fiona had to leave. On the back of her faithful turtle, Fiona said good-bye to all her friends. When it was all finished, Fiona started to swim to the surface.

When Fiona reached the surface, her eyes were full of tears, for she had to say good-bye to her first friend. "Good-bye, my friend", she said in a sobbing voice.

The turtle made no answer, but just plunged down into the sea.

Fiona was now alone again. She pushed down her wheelchair on the sand. Soon she could hear the footsteps of Susan. When Susan arrived, she was astonished at the change in Fiona, and ran back to her cottage.

*Alexander Hutchinson Essay Competition
Junior Prize. (tied)*

HINDA SCHREIBER, *Upper Third.*

THE FROG KING

As everyone knows, a frog cannot do very much except sit around in a swamp, sometimes gulping, and other times hopping from lily pad to lily pad, or just sitting on the bank of the swamp in the mud, sleeping. But in this story a frog becomes a hero. His name was Glumps, and he was born on a fresh clear spring day on the royal lily pad, and he was a very cute tadpole. His father, Glop, was the king of the frogs, and, like all the other frogs, was lazy and dumb. His mother, Grimp, was not like any other frog, quite intelligent.

One day something awful happened. Two boys came to the swamp and caught Glumps' mother and took her away. All the frogs were very sad, but they were so lazy that they did nothing about it; all except Glumps.

Glumps started to think of a way to get his mother back. And he sat and he thought. Nothing, no nothing, could come into his head. Then he got up and went and sat in the mud to refresh himself. Suddenly he heard voices. They sounded like the voices of the two boys who took his mother away. Yes, they were. And the boys had come back to get another frog, and, thought Glumps, they were coming to get him. And he was right, for he was the first frog they spotted. When the boys were behind him, Glumps became so nervous that he went half crazy and he started to kick mud up in the air, and then a funny thing happened. The mud landed in the boys' eyes and they could not see.

When Glumps came to himself, the boys were still trying to get the mud out of their eyes. Then Glumps saw in one of their pockets, something moving. Glumps was a bit scared, but he brought up all his courage and took an enormous jump and landed on the pocket. He quickly opened it, and there was his mother, a bit pushed around, but quite well. She was stuck in the lining of the pocket and Glumps had a hard time getting her out. He quickly brought her back home to the royal lily pad.

After that they lived happily ever after, and, as for the boys, they never went near the swamp again.

*Alexander Hutchinson Essay Competition
Junior Prize. (tied).*

NINA FIALKOWSKI, *Upper Third.*

WINNERS OF THE PHOTOGRAPHY COMPETITION



LOCH LOMOND IN THE MIST
ROBERTA DEVRIES, *Middle Fifth.*



ASSINIBOINE FALLS, B.C.
SALLY FARRELL, *Upper Fifth.*

THE WORLD OF THE VERY SMALL

Perhaps I should introduce myself first. My full name is Sodium Ion of the Compound Sodium Chloride. If I were not still tied to my mother's apron strings, I would be just plain Sodium Ion. I do not think I would remain single for very long, though. You have heard the saying, "Never underestimate the power of a woman", and those chlorine ions sure have a strong attraction!

Anyway, to go on with my autobiography. I cannot exactly say when I was brought into this world. As far as I can tell, I have always been here—in some state or other. At one point, my parents and I were thrown into solution with some queer ions. I think they were called hydrogen and hydroxyl ions. They were not very sociable because most of them seemed to want to stay in their own select groups.

In this society we are all numbered. That does not mean to say that we are wanted in any province, but that we are numbered according to the number of tranquilizers we have to counteract, the number of missiles rocketing around our moons (moon means the area which contains the tranquilizers and all the other padding). All this muscle in our bodies adds up, in pounds, grams, tons, or whatever you like. I only weigh twenty-three, and compared with my mother, who tops the family chart at thirty-five point five, I am thin.

Ever since I lost my electron (missile) my mother has been telling that I am too interested in the opposite sex. But I do not deny . . . say now, that is not a bad looking atom. Too bad, she accepted some other cube's ring. I am not normally radio active but I would give up my electron spontaneously any day to start my own molecule with any of those.

In closing, I am sticking in a family photograph. I am the active, second from the right.



MARY HAWKEN, *Upper Fifth*.

THE TWO INVADERS

"Murder, did you leave our door open?"

"Ya, Killer. Think they suspect us? Think we're walkin' into a trap? Will we get what we want? Will anyone hear us? Do ya think we really otta? Is it safe? Will we get hurt?"

"Stop your nonsense. You know I don't have the answers. Now, follow me! Look around the corner and tell me if they've got someone on guard No, good."

Time has passed. Murder and Killer, the two invaders, have finished surveying the scene. It will be a matter of minutes until they begin the real crime.

"Hey, Killer! Do ya . . . ?"

"Shh! Keep quiet! Don't wake anyone up."

"I'll just whisper. I wonder if we're seen, whether they'll scream and faint like the dame at the last job we pulled."

"Quiet! I think it's safe to get to work. Come on and remember, Murder, keep your mouth shut. No noise; understand . . . ? Good."

Click-a-eck. The door is opening. The criminals hear light footsteps coming towards the room which they are occupying. Quickly they hide behind a large sofa. The steps seem to have stopped.

"Don't breathe so heavily, Murder. We'd be best to pull the job now, 'cause the footsteps seem to have stopped. Quiet now. Follow me. Shh!"

Out of their hiding place they creep. Silently, keeping close to the wall, they make their way towards their destination.

"Mon Dieu! Police! Eeeks! Deux souris! Ohhh . . ."

SHEILA MACLEAN, *Lower Fifth*.

LOOKING TO THE FUTURE

I should like to speak about the importance of planning one's future early. We have each been given a lifetime in which to do what we want. We have also been given certain talents which we must use in molding our lives. It is not enough to sit back in an armchair, assuring yourself that the moment Opportunity knocks you will jump . . . or perhaps count to three and then jump to answer. Now is the time to make yourself ready to answer Opportunity's knock! This is your chance to plan ahead, to prepare yourself to walk out and force a way in the world. Later you will settle into a rut. If it is the right rut you will be happy; if not, you may spend the rest of your life trying to jump out and to start anew.

At school we are deliberately given a very broad education, so that we can pick out the subjects at which we are most successful, and base our decisions on these. Naturally a career is all important for a single life, but many girls who want to marry seem to feel that all they can do is wander about waiting for the right man to arrive on the scene. They do not seem to realize that they can have their cake and eat it, too, by taking up an interesting career or course of studies while they wait for good old Prince Charming.

Even after he turns up, there are times when a skill or a profession becomes vital, if illness or other misfortune should impoverish the family. This outside interest may also be necessary should the couple be childless or after the children grow up. Marriage itself needs foresight and preparation. You need to know a little cooking, how to balance the month's budget so that all the money is not gone within the first week, how to apply a little elementary psychology, which end of a baby is up—the list is endless.

But outside marriage it is well not to concentrate on too many things. Choosing a career is largely a process of elimination. The first to go are those childish dreams of being the first ballerina with size ten ballet shoes, or the first tone-deaf opera singer. Accept your faults; but make the most of your talents. Always remember that many of the fields that were once exclusively masculine are now open to women. Politics has been proved so by such great women as Mrs. Fairclough and Clair Booth Luce. A mathematically inclined girl might become a physicist, while one whose essays were always outstanding at school might decide to take up a literary career as a journalist or a novelist.

Besides the academic angle, the human aspect must be taken into account in choosing a career. If you are good with children and enjoy authority and lots of work, you could become a teacher. If you like caring for sick people and can stand the sight of blood, you could go into nursing. If you are of a more morbid turn of mind and delight in slicing up small wriggly animals and peering at them through a microscope, you should look into zoology. Strong eyes as well as a strong stomach are recommended here. Perhaps you crave bloodcurdling adventure? Well, if you practise your knife throwing, you may get a place in Castro's women militia!

The point is that you do think now of setting yourself a goal and of preparing to meet the fierce competition you may encounter in achieving it. Mapping out your life is not a thing to be left to the last minute or to be decided by mere whims. You must slowly and carefully strike off the things you would LIKE to do, leaving only those things you WANT to do, and feel you are able to do well. Your decisions need not be final because you are still young enough to change your mind without losing anything. Do not close doors on yourself unless you are sure you will never want to go through them. When you have made your decision it does not mean

that your interests need be narrowed. It is the driver who knows where he is going who can get there by picturesque lanes and shortcuts, while the one who is waiting for a personal signpost or a hand from heaven to tell him the way can only stay on the main highway with the rest of the crowd.

The world is to the young, and if the young do not look to the future and prepare themselves to bear the burden, our civilization will be weakened. You cannot escape the responsibility of making decisions. You have been given a life, and it is up to you, now when you are young, to think ahead and to try to make it a full and a satisfactory one.

*The Study Old Girls' Association
Prize for Public Speaking.*

ELISABETH MARLIN, *Middle Fifth.*

HOW THE MOON IS IN THE UNIVERSE

One night I woke up and heard a strange noise. I was puzzled. I could not think what it was. When my door opened, I thought it was the wind—my landlady came running in with a broomstick in her hand. She was chasing rats.

Her name was Mrs. Twiddle. She owned a Boarding house in Domino Centre. Her worst enemies were rats! She kept cheese all over the house so the rats would come out of their holes for her to chase.

Her house smelled very strongly of cheese, for the cheese was old and rotten, (but never mind, the rats still liked it) One day she went to the store and bought some strong-smelling cheese. After a while the cheese rotted and smelled worse. The strong odour got together as a gas and went sailing into the sky and became a mass of green cheese. It got into the earth's gravity and became the moon, rotating around the earth.

If you want to know why there is a face on the moon, ask Mrs. Twiddle, for it was her cheese.

JENNIFER HILL, *Upper Third.*

FAVOURITE EXPRESSIONS OF THE STAFF

| | |
|--------------------|---|
| Miss Lamont: | "And now for some mental gymnastics." "Please express your thoughts in classical English." |
| Miss Blanchard: | "Where are the seconds?" |
| Miss Harbert: | "Here is a word I thought you ought to know." |
| Mrs. Little: | (<i>Astounded</i>) "Mon Dieu!" |
| Miss Malachowski: | "TAKE your fingers out of your mouth!" |
| Miss Marshall: | (<i>Gentle remonstrance</i>) "Girls, we don't do that in this class do we?" |
| Miss Moore: | "There is only one person teaching this class." |
| Mrs. Reiffenstein: | (<i>In tones of complete disgust and exasperation</i>) "What do you think YOU'RE doing?" |
| Mrs. Scott: | "This is not a social hour . . . may I interrupt you?" |
| Miss Seath: | "That is good, but . . ." |

The "Dungeon" may have gone, but.....



The last coat-hanger!
"On your mark, Get set,....."

Roberta deVries



"Why must I always put my back in
backwards ?!"

Roberta deVries

THE LONG JOURNEY

I started my journey in the heart of a huge city, in the midst of bustling and hurried activity, and majestically towering granite buildings, which made the streets seem like canyons and which dominated the whole city. Winding my way past tangled, cluttered mazes of streets with ugly brick apartments and uniform houses, and past pedestrians, cars, buses and trucks, all of which seemed to be in a perpetual hurry, I slowly gathered speed. On I rushed, past the huge ungainly factories on the outskirts of the city, and over a broad highway, which branched off in all directions, and which was alive with cars swarming back and forth below me in sudden flashes of brilliant colour, as the sun's rays danced and sparkled on them for an instant. Then on I sped into a large forest which spread over the countryside. Here streaks of dappled sunshine played on the rough, brown bark of the tree trunks, while a towering birch made a sudden flash of gleaming white in the dimness. The trees arched overhead, weaving their leafy green branches back and forth, as the wind swooped and dived among them with fitful gusts and starts.

Out again into the brilliant sunshine I raced, among green fields fenced with barbed wire, and past staid cows methodically chewing their cud and swishing their tails as they dozed in the cool shadows of large trees, making a mottled picture of sunlight and shade, and white, brown, and black all mixed together.

On I swept past old, deserted, weather-stained shanties, with gaping holes in the roofs and walls; and tumbled-down barns, with hanging doors, which banged gently to and fro with the wind. Dilapidated fences enclosed large fields of weeds and bare earth, and collapsed gates lay on their sides, half-covered by the dirt.

I shot over a tiny stream that babbled and trickled over and under moss-covered rocks, and eddied and frothed in miniature whirlpools, as it coursed on its way.

Still I sped on, past large flat stretches of plain, all bearing acres of golden-brown wheat, which rippled and billowed back and forth, tossing its head as it melted into the horizon, which was barely visible far off in the distance.

Now, clinging to a narrow cleft of rocks, I wove along a ledge far above a narrow gorge, where at the bottom a stormy mountain river beat and pounded against the rocky walls, sending up clouds of dense white spray which wreathed and twisted slowly upwards into the sunlight, where they disappeared. Upward I crawled through the towering mountains, where the lengthening sun threw large shadows on the rocks, which surrounded and cluttered the way.

Down the other side of the mountain and through the thick pine trees that clustered on its side like barnacles on a rock, I dropped, until I sped onto a plateau, dappled red by the sun, with large black shadows criss-crossing this way and that, resembling an enormous checkerboard.

On downwards through the darkness I rushed, until through the night I spied the brilliant lights of a city, twinkling and beaming as they reflected on a black ebbing river.

A train is very observant as it travels on a long journey.

JUDITH STEWART, *Lower Fifth*.

THE MARE—*A nonsense rhyme*

There was a mare
Who gave me a scare;
I was in a trot
And she decided to stop.
I guess I was bound
For the hard ground.
The old mare
Gave me a scare.

MONICA KEATER, *Lower Third*.

THE BAZAAR

As seen by a Lower School Child

"Mummy, where are you?", wailed a little girl. She was hemmed in against the wall by the eager crowd of bazaar buyers and the air was suffocating. "Mummy", came the piteous cry again. Everything looked so different from the way it had that morning, and all the other school mornings. There were many people, more people than she had ever seen during her sheltered life as a Lower School child. Hundreds of people had flocked to The Study Bazaar, partly to buy, and partly out of curiosity, to see how the school was adapting itself to its new environment. All around her, Sue could see feet — big feet — wearing Oxfords, sandals, loafers, and pumps. An enormous black Oxford crushed her tiny foot under its sole and she cried out in pain, but her voice could not be heard above the crowd's din. A long sharp spike, attached to a very pointed shoe came dangerously near to the little girl, and she edged away, only to find herself a few inches from the fireplace where a fire flickered and danced, as though it were trying to reach out and grab her. Suddenly, Sue felt herself picked up and with a sigh of relief, she recognized the familiar voice of her mother, as she said, "Where have you been, you naughty child? I've wasted precious time looking for you. Now be a good girl and sit with Nana. I'll be back in two minutes and then I'll take you to the fishpond. I simply must have that divine apron I saw a minute ago! They say that almost everything was made by the girls themselves. Amazing . . .".

Halfway through the afternoon, poor little Sue was exhausted. She had been dragged upstairs and down, from room to room, stall to stall, and she had still not seen the fish pond. She wanted attention and one way or another she would get it. Her mother was standing with friends in a semi-circle over in a corner of the room, trying to chat above the noise. Sue sat down on the floor in front of them and began to yell. She screamed and shouted, kicked her feet on the floor, and altogether had a wonderful tantrum! But to no avail. Her mother went on talking as if there had been no interruption, and she didn't even look down. After another solid minute of hoarse yelling, she looked up. She gave a discouraged yawn and her eyelids blinked sleepily. A few seconds later her mother glanced down and there, lying fast asleep on the floor, was Sue, her little fist clenched and her face tearstained.

KATE LEWIS, *Lower Fifth.*

THE NILE

Undulating through the desert sands
Past Pyramids and Obelisks, admiration of lands,
Do you not pant in the burning sun,
Gliding merrily past Thebes when day is done?

Lying lazily beneath the pale moonlight,
In silver and indigo sultrily bedight;
Luring stray lovers to thy venerable shades
And 'rousing the serpents from their emerald glades.

But how deceiving is thy languid face;
How different, gone are thy gentle frills and lace;
For when thy flooding time is nigh,
Thy roaring challenges the gods on high.

Now thy true character is shown,
How impressive, how mighty art thou grown;
With bounds and leaps thou coverest the sand,
And makest rich that glorious land . . .

JOAN THORNTON, *Upper Fifth.*

A SUMMER STORM

| | |
|---------------------------------|--|
| Sometimes when I get out of bed | I see the trees wave to and fro, |
| And hear the driving rain, | And shadows in the dark, |
| I run and press my nose against | And when the lightning hits the ground |
| The slimy windowpane. | It makes a funny spark. |
| And when I get into my bed, | |
| And snuggle down so warm, | |
| I think about the wonders of | |
| This lovely summer storm. | |

CLAUDIA SOUTHAM, *Upper Third.*

MY VISIT TO THE MOON

My name is Togo, and I am a dog. My master's name is Professor Fiddlefaddle. He is a scientist, and he is very interested in the moon. He said the moon was not made of green cheese but of white cheese.

One day my master took me down to the basement. There he put me into a silver suit. He then placed a helmet over my head. There was a sort of window in my helmet, so I could see where I was going. Then my master took me outside to the back yard. He put me into a funny-looking thing he called a rocket, and closed the door. In a few minutes I felt myself rising off the ground. I peeped out the window and saw a star. It did not look as I thought it would. Instead of having five points, it was round and burning.

In a few minutes I felt a bump. I got up and walked over to the door and opened it. There was a big sign in front of me. It said, "Welcome to the moon," in many different languages. I stepped down from the rocket over to a big hole. My master had told me that there were many big holes on the moon. He said that they were called craters. There were many strange oblong fingers sticking out of the surface of the moon. The rest of the moon was white and made of cheese.

Just then I heard a noise coming from the rocket. I trotted over to it and stepped inside. The door closed automatically, and the noise stopped. The rocket rose off the moon and headed towards Earth.

When the rocket landed on the Earth I opened the door. My master was waiting for me. He took me inside and undressed me and gave me a big bone. As I sat eating it, I thought of the lovely adventure I had had.

LESLIE GOULD, *Upper Third*.

THE END OF SUMMER

One day as I was walking along the road, I saw a beautiful maple leaf floating through the air. I picked it up and admired its lovely red colours. Then I looked up at the tree and there were many leaves missing already. With sadness I realized that summer was over. I remembered what a lovely summer I had had, playing with my friends on the sandy beaches, swimming and having a wonderful time.

But now winter was coming and I was lonely sometimes. I liked the summer better. I could see the little empty birds' nests, squirrels busy getting their food stored away for the cold winter, and birds practising for their long flight to warmer lands.

School had started, and summer with all its fun and sunshine was over for another year. I took the little leaf home with me because it was far too pretty to be stepped on, and I keep it in my scrapbook. It reminds me of a happy summer gone by.

TERRY CARTON, *Upper Third*.

OF WALKING

With apologies to Sir Francis Bacon

Walking serves for transportation, for adventure and for exercise. Its chief use for transportation is in public and in daily chore; for adventure, in exploration; and for exercise, in mere execution of the movement. To spend too much time walking is to become fatigued and to lose interest in its values. Poor men walk for transportation, the "divites" walk for affectation and athletes walk for exercise. Walk neither to impress nor to take for granted but to enjoy and observe. For hikes I like them not, except that they be profitable for exercising men and that children find adventure in them. For the clothing of him who walks, I do not deny that he should be properly shod and otherwise clothed as best fits the environment. So I have made an outline of walking and by no means have set forth all the values but some general lines of it and in it have added nothing that might hinder the true pleasure of walking.

JENNIFER CARROLL, *Sixth Form*.

MONTREAL SCIENCE FAIR — 1961

On April 8th and 9th of 1961, a Science Fair for all students of high school age was held at The University of Montreal. There were over one hundred and fifty exhibits, of all different sorts and sizes, ranging from rock collections and models of the heart to explanations of rocket propulsion and radar machines. The exhibitors themselves were as varied as the exhibits — students from public schools, private schools, Ecoles Supérieures and Collèges Classiques flocked to the hall in the early hours of Friday morning to set up their exhibits and to get to know each other, as far as the language barrier would permit.

To appreciate the full value of the Fair, you had to spend at least an hour or two in the hall so that you could study each exhibit and hear the explanation given by the demonstrator. On Friday afternoon the hall was filled with television cameras, newspaper photographers and reporters, and many people woke up the next morning to find their picture in the paper! On Friday night and Saturday the crowds were overwhelming; several girls from the Upper School and some members of the Staff tried a hand at elbowing their way through the traffic jam around the tables — I think they must have had a bit of luck because when I had a chance to see them, they seemed to be enjoying themselves thoroughly.

I hope that next year we may have a few more exhibits from the school, and I would like to add a word of thanks for Mrs. Scott who provided the ever-needed support and enthusiasm, and for Miss Seath whose artistic advice was indispensable.

JANET GARDINER, *Sixth Form.*

WRITTEN IN A HISTORY EXAM

"The lights are going out all over Europe. They will not be lighted again in our lifetime."

Lord Grey — 1914

It was the ultra-nationalism resulting in the desperate struggle for prestige which brought on the First World War. Throughout the nineteenth century, the idealistic theories of liberalism were becoming fact spasmodically all over Europe. Western ideas had even penetrated through to Russia and the Orient. However, it was in Europe that the results of the cultivated Western theories came to a head. European countries had followed a definite pattern throughout the centuries of anarchism, tribal organization, and then development of small kingdoms which later grew into the larger more definitely centralized countries which existed in the eighteenth century. The pattern which followed these absolute monarchies was one of liberalism, which fostered nationalism and imperialism. It was at that point the pattern stuck and "the lights went out." The high ideals of liberalism which had been hailed by the western world had degenerated into a struggle for prestige in the struggle for imperialism. Europe would remain in darkness until the selfishness which contaminated western ideals disappeared. Politics is not a study of peaceful, unbiased coexistence within nations, but a study of how to get what you want with a minimum of effort and a minimum of disturbance.

The pattern of the history of the western world remains today, as it was in 1914, incomplete. One cannot say how the pattern will look when it will be complete; one can only surmise. There are two courses in view: one of complete annihilation, and one of peaceful co-existence. The former course could be taken any minute; the latter can be followed only when nations forget their selfish ambitions and recognize true liberalism. Then "Nation shall not lift up sword against nation; neither shall they learn war anymore."

ANNE THOM, *Sixth Form.*

(Entered under protest from the Editor on the insistence of the Editorial Committee).

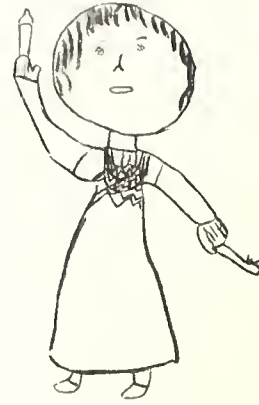






Jill Campbell, *Upper B*

Lower School



Artist Unknown

THE TIGER

Once upon a time a tiger was born. One day when he had grown quite strong, he had an adventure. He and his mother went into the depths of the jungle to get some food. Suddenly his mother smelt something — it was a wolf! “Run to the thicket, my son!” she cried, and ran. He, seeing that she was on the wrong road, leapt in front of her. Guiding her, both he and his mother reached their home in safety. It was night by this time, so the two tigers lay down and went to sleep.

MARGOT LOUIS, *Upper B.*

THE STORY OF PUSHTI

One dark night there was a cat, and his name was Pushti, and his friend invited him to his house. And he had a very nice time, but he fell in the pond after the party. Then it was time for him to go home.

ANDREA WEXLER, *Upper B.*

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE

One day a King and a Queen had two children, Joanne and Peter. And one day something happened. The two children were invited to a ball. Joanne was surprised. It was on a Sunday. When they got there they danced until midnight and then they went home.

The King and Queen were happy and so the next day they got married.

GINNY DIXON, *Upper B.*

THE WIND

One day the wind got out of bed,
And had a headache in his head.
“Oh dear, Oh dear, oh dear”, he said.
Then all of a sudden, he turned bright
red.
They called the doctor, they called the
nurse;
They came with a pill in a big blue
purse.
He ate the pill and was no more ill.
Then he could go down,
And play in the town.

ADDIE MALKUS, *Lower A.*

SILLY WITCH

Witch, old witch,
She lives in a ditch,
She combs her hair
With a hickory switch.

She sleeps on a bed,
That is tall and torn,
And when she laughs,
It sounds like a horn.

VIRGINIA MORSE, *Lower A.*

I'M AN OCTOPUS

Hello! I'm an octopus. My name is Okey. I have eight great tentacles, two big hazel eyes, and I live at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean, in a cave in a mass of coral. Well, now I will tell you one of my adventures.

One day I awoke, and saw a great black form whizzing towards me. It was the first submarine (as I later found out). I wakened the oldest octopus and consulted him. He said to attack—so we did. Oh! it was a terrible mess; blood and pieces of our tentacles all over (men were cutting our tentacles), but they gave up at last. We buried the dead (a sad time, indeed). But we knew we had put up a good fight, for we, (at least I), never saw another submarine again.

PENELOPE SMITH, *Lower A.*

MY BROTHER JOHN

My brother John has brown eyes and black hair. He has a black eye and a purple nose. My brother weighs sixty pounds and he is six years old. My brother is four feet and two inches. My brother likes to sing and when he does sing he gives me the willies. His best sport is hockey and that is how he got his black eye. He is good at drawing cowboys and Indians. He is very good at skiing and skating. John does not like to wear short pants but Mummy makes him wear them because they are the school uniform. Johnny likes to make paper bag puppets and color them in. Johnny likes all kinds of foods and his favourite thing is oatmeal cereal in the morning with Daddy.

NANCY ROBERTSON, *Lower A.*

NAUGHTY GOBLIN

Once there lived a naughty goblin. He was green and wore a red hat, red pants and coat. He had two sisters, Mummy and Daddy. The naughty things he likes to do are to pull his sisters' pigtails, tease, and fight. One day he was in bed and his mother went out shopping. He went to the kitchen and took all the labels off the tins so that his mother would not know what was in the tins. And he ate all the cookies and spilled all the flour and brown sugar and mixed it all up and ate it all up but he mixed it on the ground so of course it was not clean. Then he heard a creak from the front door so he ran to bed. His mother came and saw the ground and she dropped all the food, which made a bigger mess. So his mother got on her hands and knees. Then she washed the ground. Then she smacked him good and hard. Then he never did it again.

GAIL HANNAFORD, *Lower A.*

THE STORM

The storm was howling all night long,
Screaming and shouting an unpleasant
song.
It split the trees, and the branches
cracked,
And the snow was hard and tightly
packed.

The wind was blowing as hard as it
could,
It rumbled and roared as strong as it
would.
The power lines next came tumbling
down,
And the lights went off all over town.

Thunder was rumbling, lightning flashing,
When through the window, a tree came crashing.
Glass lay splintered all over the room,
And there wasn't one light in the inky gloom.

VERIAN LAXTON, *Upper A.*

THE WIND

All the day the wind has blown,
Whirling and howling, fierce and cold,
Whistling and beating against the door
Like a frolicking mischievous boar.

It blows the ladies' hats about,
It whirls and twirls with a whistle and
shout,
On the seas the boats they rock,
It sends them in and out of dock.

It blows the dry leaves all around
And makes the trees bow to the ground.
It rustles the twigs and snaps the
branches
Its game has ended and home it dances.

ROXANE SHAUGHNESSY, *Upper A.*

THE FIR TREE

One dark cloudy day in late November a small fir tree stood in a field not far from a stream. The wind was blowing hard and the tree was almost crying, it was so cold. He thought of the summer when everything was warm and sunny. But now it was so cold and windy the poor little tree felt terrible.

The tree stood on a hill and down below him there was a village. He saw men trying to catch their hats and ladies trying to catch their groceries. But oh! It was so cold! The little tree looked the other way, on to the little field. All the hay that had not been cut that summer was swaying back and forth. All he could hear was the whistling of the wind. How he would love it if it were summer!

All of a sudden a fairy appeared and said he would make summer come. The fairy also warned the tree that he would be sorry. The fir tree did not take any notice and the fairy walked away. Summer came and it was very, very hot for the little fir tree. Very soon he began to cry.

Then the same little fairy appeared and said that he had warned him. He asked the tree if he would like cold weather again. The tree agreed and very soon the lovely cold wind blew on his branches. So it just goes to show you, be satisfied with what you've got.

KATHY GOULD, *Upper A.*

WINSTON CHURCHILL

Our dog's name is Winston. My mother always calls him "Stupid" or "Winston Churchill". He is brown and white. His kind is a King Charles spaniel. Winston is very thin. Winston is rare in Canada. The King Charles spaniels are lap dogs because in England they lie on peoples' laps to keep them warm. Winston is three years old and isn't house-trained, so we have to lock him in the cloak room at night. My sister Katrina gets up every morning at 6:30 to walk Winston. He has learned three things — to sit, to stay, and to heel.

SHELAGH MCLEAN, *Lower A.*

LOWER SCHOOL ROLL CALL

UPPER A

Edith Bottomley
Norah Carter
Suzanne Clark
Jennifer Colby
Joy Dietrich
Debby Dixon
Patricia Gallagher
Kathy Gould
Carol Hannaford
Carolyn Kerrigan
Verian Laxton
Elizabeth Little
Elspeth Mackay
Susan Mackenzie
Alix Necessian
Madie Rider
Roxane Shaughnessy
Jean Simor
Kathy Stewart
Anne Yuile

LOWER A

Linda Brakeley
Susan Cape
Andrea Copping
Gail Flintoft
Gail Hannaford
Gail Johnston
Andrea Knight
Danielle Kraus
Diana LaFleur
Margaret MacFarlane
Addie Malkus
Shelagh McLean
Jane Meagher
Virginia Morse
Gail Murphy
Penny Park
Nancy Robertson
Clare Schreiber
Penny Smith

UPPER B

Edwina Adair
Jane Bourke
Jill Campbell
Virginia Dixon
Amanda Fisher
Frances Fyles
Lucy Kerrigan
Margaret Little
Margot Louis
Susan Nelson
Anne Necessian
Suzanne Oates
Penny Rankin
Deborah Savage
Tara Shaughnessy
Elizabeth Slaughter
Linda Sutherland
Margot Svenningson
Martha Turner
Andrea Wexler

LOWER B

Mary Boswell
Wendy Cryer
Dierdre Demers
Evelyn Durnford
Alison Galt
Monica Heller
Meredith Kerrigan
Debbie Kraus
Jennifer LeBroocey
Catherine McKinnon
Christie McLeod
Jill Morton
Linda Pacun
Elizabeth Reade
Janet Saunderson
Cynthia Stauble
Mary Thornton

SCHOOL CALENDAR

FALL TERM

- September 7 School opened.
September 20 Formal opening.
October 10 Thanksgiving Day weekend.
October 17 Tennis meet.
October 19 Dr. Hitchmanova spoke about the refugees.
October 25 Annual School Bazaar.
December 15 Christmas Dinner.
December 15 Lower Fifth presented "The Gold of Troy"
December 19 Christmas Concert.
December 20 Lower Fourth presented a play of the Nativity in French.
December 20 School closed for Christmas Holidays.

SPRING TERM

- January 9 School re-opened.
January 11 Public Speaking Competition.
January 20 Alan Mills sang for The Study.
February 10 Miss Lorraine Howe spoke about the Red Cross.
February 14 Parents' Night.
February 20 Mid-Term Holiday.
February 27 Annual Ski Meet at St. Sauveur des Monts.
March 1 School sang in Montreal Music Festival.
March 10 Fifth and Sixth Forms went to the Bishop University Biological Exhibition.
March 21 Upper Fourth presented "Seven Who Pass While the Lentils Boil"
March 23 Colonel Laxton showed slides and spoke about the Arctic.
March 23 Lower Fourth presented "Les Malheurs de Sophie".
March 23 School closed for Easter Holidays.

SUMMER TERM

- April 4 School re-opened.
April 23 Service at Erskine and American Church.
May 13 Biology Field Trip to Phillipsburg Bird Sanctuary.
May 15 Lower Fifth trip to Ottawa.
May 17 Poetry Speaking Competition.
May 18 Senior School Sports Day.
May 22 Queen Victoria Day weekend.
May 25 Lower Fourth presented "Three Cheers for Mother".
May 26 Lower Fifth presented scenes from "As You Like It".
May 30 Senior School Swimming Meet.
June 1 Junior School Sports Day.
June 7 Junior School Swimming Meet.
June 14 Annual Closing Service at Christ Church Cathedral.
June 15 School Closing.



EXECUTIVE 1960 - 1961

| | |
|------------------------------|-------------------------|
| <i>President</i> | Mrs. H. Larratt Smith |
| <i>Vice-President</i> | Mrs. William T. Stewart |
| <i>Secretary</i> | Mrs. John Cape |
| <i>Treasurer</i> | Mrs. Phillip Aspinall |
| <i>Ass't Treasurer</i> | Mrs. Angus Gilday |

COMMITTEE

| | |
|---------------------|------------------------|
| Mrs. John Stairs | Mrs. Alistair Campbell |
| Mrs. C. H. Gordon | Mrs. Stuart Cobbett |
| Miss Diana McLernon | |

PRESIDENT'S REPORT

Since the last Chronicle went to press the S.O.G.A. has had a fairly spectacular, very interesting and wholly satisfying year.

Last May 10th, after weeks of preparation, an Auction Sale Party was held in the brand new School to which flocked hundreds of guests. So much fascinating loot had been collected that trestle tables around the gym were laden and overflowing with articles of all kinds and we wondered how we could possibly sell them all.

The Auctioneers, husbands and fathers of Old Girls, themselves took over behind the counter, and by the end of the evening only one small pile of oddments remained and the S.O.G.A. had made a clear profit of THREE THOUSAND, NINE HUNDRED and SEVENTY-FOUR DOLLARS!

Credit for this achievement goes in a large part to Mrs. John Stairs who was President at that time and who did a stupendous job of planning and organizing; but it must go as well not only to her Committee, but to the many other Old Girls who eagerly pitched in where needed and who helped to collect, price, sort, pack, transport and sell. Added to all this was the wonderful generosity of a great many people who donated beautiful articles to the Sale, and the enthusiastic response of the whole Association and of the parents and friends who came to the Party.

At the Annual Meeting last June it was voted that most of the proceeds from this Sale should be spent to equip and furnish the new School, allotting specified amounts to the various departments. It has taken us several months to complete this task, as it is no light responsibility to spend such a large sum carefully and wisely, and at the same time to keep reasonably within the set limits for each room.

To date, approximately \$3700.00 has been spent in the following way:

Miss Lamont's office has been made comfortable and attractive with a carpet, new furniture and a good light fixture.

A thousand dollars worth of gym equipment, including horse, box and rib-stalls has been bought.

The Library has acquired a proper table, a window-seat cushion, and new high book-shelves with a sliding ladder to reach up to them. Curtains donated by an Old Girl were fitted and installed on a new track.

With a generous assist from another Old Girl a beautiful Steinway piano was bought for the Music Room, and Miss Seath's Art Room got the large sink she particularly needed, as well as slides of Art Masterpieces for the Projector.

The dyeing and re-making of curtains to black out the Gym for plays and slide-shows was financed. And finally, a total of \$600.00 was given to the Building Fund.

Last spring Dorothy Benson, who has won many Canadian and International Awards for photography, took a series of coloured slides of The Study before, during and after the move to the new building. These she put together with an accompanying narrative, and this Slide-Show, sponsored by the S.O.G.A. was given its première after the Annual Meeting and Dinner in June. Since then she has repeated the Show twice; once for the girls on the last day of the Christmas Term, and again for the parents later in the winter. The slides are a magnificent record of The Study and are to be mounted in glass to preserve them. They are owned by the S.O.G.A. and will be kept among our sacred possessions at the School.

This winter Miss Lamont cheerfully agreed to give a series of three Lectures for us, and these were held in the afternoons after school. She was rather startled at first at the idea of our selling tickets, but we assured her that it is a psychological fact that if one doesn't buy a ticket one forgets to come! It was therefore a great satisfaction to have the series a complete sell-out, and to be able at the last Lecture, to present her with a cheque for \$300.00 for the Marcelle Gaudion Bursary Fund.

The Lectures, entitled "Sideroads in History" were delightful and everyone enjoyed them so much that I hope we will be able to present more programs of this sort again.

We were shocked and saddened in January by the death of Susan Sharp, and knowing how greatly loved she was by the Staff and by all the girls, we decided to give the School something rather special in her memory.

We have commissioned Marjorie Stevenson Winslow, a brilliant artist and sculptress and herself an Old Girl of The Study, to carve a Memorial Plaque which will be hung in the Gymnasium and will each year bear the name of the School Games Captain. This will be completed and presented to the School before the end of term.

With the new School, interest in the S.O.G.A. has been rekindled and we now have a large and enthusiastic Membership. We try to keep in touch with everyone by notices and news letters, but sometimes these go astray, and we hope that anyone who is missed out in this way will get in touch with us.

HARRIETT LARRATT SMITH

TURNABOUT SHOP, INC.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS 1960-'61

President: Mrs. J. W. Farrell

Vice-President: Mrs. Philip H. Mackenzie (& Publicity)

Secretary: Mrs. A. M. Wright

Treasurer: Miss Kathryn Mason

Asst. Treasurer: Miss Miriam Tees

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The Turnabout Shop opened for its sixth season on August 24th, 1960. Mrs. B. Arthur and Elspeth McGreevy, with additional help from Janet Montgomery and Sally Thornton, staffed the Shop until the middle of September when Mrs. M. Taylor came to us with excellent recommendations.

Last winter at the Shop was marked by two interesting events. On November 24th, the Turnabout Shop became five years old. As a birthday present, Mrs. J. M. Esdaile gave us eighteen of her charming teddy bears which were displayed in the windows with a large birthday cake from November 1st to November 24th. On that day Mrs. J. C. Cushing drew the names of eighteen shoppers who had made purchases between these dates, and each of these shoppers became the owner of a teddy bear. The Shop is most grateful to Mrs. Esdaile for these much sought-after teddy bears, and is also most appreciative of the attractive window display that she and Mrs. Lorne Walls arranged during the winter.

The second event was a sherry party held at Mrs. Philip H. Mackenzie's by the directors for the volunteers. Mrs. Irene Wilson of Town & Country Clothes most kindly spoke to us on "how to sell". As bad luck would have it, the sherry party took place on March 9th when Montreal was crippled by a heavy fall of snow. Those who braved the storm had a most entertaining time, but it was disappointing that there was not a larger audience to profit from Mrs. Wilson's remarks.

A great deal of work was put into publicity and advertising: advertisements were placed in the papers, such as the Benny Farmer, which had never been used before, and a gratifying amount of publicity was obtained in the "Gazette" and the "Westmount Examiner". This included photographs and interviews. Shop news was announced frequently over the radio and a television appearance took place last May. Literature describing the Shop was mailed to about forty near-by churches and, last but not least, a variety of notices and announcements was mailed to all Study parents and Old Girls. Mrs. Philip Mackenzie and Mrs. Gerard Arthur have earned our grateful thanks for all that they have done to publicize the Turnabout Shop. We hope that next winter the Shop will reap the benefits of their hard work.

The Turnabout Shop is at present undergoing a period of reorganization. The directors are confident that the Shop is more than equal to this challenge and that it will emerge well able to continue its support of the School Pension Fund. The Shop's many friends will be pleased to know that the current balance in this fund is approximately \$17,000.00.

No words of mine thank the Board of Directors for their enthusiastic support throughout the year, nor is it possible to pay adequate tribute to our volunteers. We are, as always, enormously indebted to them, and we know that without their help the Shop could not function.

VOLUNTEERS

Mrs. G. Copping, Mrs. A. C. De Pass, Mrs. W. K. Davidson, Mrs. F. W. Fairman, Mrs. E. E. Christmas, Mrs. W. M. Dietrich, Mrs. R. C. Scrivener, Mrs. K. T. MacFarlane, Mrs. J. W. Jenkins, Mrs. J. S. Stephens, Mrs. N. M. Fowler, Mrs. G. Good, Mrs. D. V. Robertson, Mrs. D. French, Mrs. A. G. Thom, Mrs. R. E. Harrison, Mrs. C. F. Coristine, Mrs. G. A. Gaherty, Mrs. M. Peers, Mrs. A. Holden, Mrs. J. H. Burtch, Mrs. A. D. McCall, Mrs. W. T. Stewart, Mrs. G. Brakley, Mrs. D. H. Starkey, Mrs. A. P. Lafleur, Mrs. C. Gordon, Mrs. J. Birks, Mrs. T. Pepall, Mrs. J. M. Savage, Mrs. R. Birks, Mrs. J. Dixon, Mrs. Guy Fisher, Mrs. T. R. Nelson, Mrs. J. G. Kirkpatrick, Mrs. John Amsden, Mrs. J. M. Esdaile, Mrs. A. Gilday, Mrs. R. D. P. Gilday, Mrs. Ross Newman, Mrs. P. Bolton, Mrs. R. Adair, Mrs. R. Schob, Mrs. Barry Porteous, Mrs. M. Watt, Mrs. J. Bottomley, Mrs. David Mackenzie, Mrs. Frank Common, Mrs. A. T. Thom.

THE STUDY OLD GIRLS' NEWS

An Old Girl of the Study made head-line news this past year when Mrs. Elizabeth Rudel Smith was appointed Treasurer of the United States.

Another distinguished member of the S.O.G.A., Dorothy Osborne, is being transferred from her post in the Department of External Affairs in Ottawa to the Canadian Embassy in Paris as First Secretary (Political).

The School is proud to congratulate three new Masters of Arts (McGill University), Dorothy McIntosh, Anne Peacock Novotny and Anne Powell, as well as Marjorie Pitblado on a Scholarship in Classics and Virginia Stikeman on a University Scholarship, both at McGill, and Elspeth McGreevy on a prize in German at Mount Allison University.

Phoebe Redpath and Heather McIntosh have graduated from Dalhousie University, and Judy Darling and Sylvia Randall from McGill.

Mary Darling has gained the Diploma issued by the Protestant Department of Education at the end of her course in the School for Teachers at Macdonald College. She is now teaching at Roslyn School.

ENGAGEMENT

Janet Martin to Bartlett Herbert MacDougall

MARRIAGES

Marguerite L'Anglais to John D. Cowans
Saundray Bogert to Gordon Reginald Ball
Susan Brown to Walker Wheeler
Elizabeth Ann Bushell to David MacKenzie Johnson
Chella Cleveland to Alexander Chatfield Kerr
Beverley Hastings to James R. McBride
Judith Kirkpatrick to Dr. Philip Banister
Daphne Louson to Edmond Gordon Eberts
Electa McMaster to Donald Frederick Cope
Gail Palmer to Herbert Barton Jones
Camilla Porteous to Graham Rutherford Ross
Marjorie Root to John David Earl Roche
Janet Savage to John Blachford
Hana Schneider to James Currie Ashfield
Valerie Trueman to Glen Shaw MacLaren

BIRTHS

Judith Northy Lawes, a son
Barbara Dawes McKay, a son
Rosina McCarthy Fontein, a son
Margaret Little Everson, a daughter
Minda Bronfman de Guinsberg, a son
Carlyn Kruger Dodds, a son
Martha Fisher Hallward, a son
Joan Kimber Drummond, a son
Cynthia Molson Baxter, a son
Judith Mather Costen, a daughter
Barbara James Deakin, a daughter
Fiona Bogert McKim, a son
Sally Bradeen Picree, a son
Junc Peverley Powis, a daughter
Shirley McCall Stikeman, a daughter
Mary Stavert Hugesson, a daughter



In Memoriam

All of us who knew Susan have felt a very deep loss this year. It is a shock that anyone so young and vital should suddenly be taken from us. A hymn which we have sung many times at school may be called to mind.

“God moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform.”

We feel proud to know that He now protects Susan as His chosen child.

A strongly positive nature made Susan a dear friend to many people. She always saw the best in others, making her life here one filled with joy and enthusiasm. She sets an example, inspiring everyone to accept and meet, as she did, the challenge which life offers.

Susan was always unaware of the influence which her own keenness and energy provided. We shall remember her leadership as a School Prefect and as the House Head of Mu Gamma in 1960. As Games Captain of the Study, and herself the most valuable participant on several teams, Susan gave her encouragement and support to each activity. In the Province of Quebec, Susan was recently ranked the best women's tennis player in her bracket. Her gift and sportsmanship in a wide athletic field will long be admired.

Susan gave much love and laughter during her time with us. We may be glad that she has now found the fullest happiness.

SUSAN ELIZABETH SHARP
April 25, 1942
January 7, 1961.

